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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

An Appeal to Wealth

THERE are in this country men and women of vast wealth, who by means of that wealth direct the efforts of labor and open the channels of trade, I appeal to these in the name of that wealth of which they are custodians, that they suffer not wealth to be used for the destruction of life and property. Multitudes of men, women and children are without sufficient food or proper clothing, or decent housing. Shall we increase this poverty by a wanton destructiveness? Shall we make of our workers soldiers, of our substance shot and shell? Should we not give our wealth of labor and material to feeding our hungry, clothing our naked and housing our people.? They who value wealth should refuse to destroy wealth.

From a Tract for the Times, "Jesus and Preparedness"

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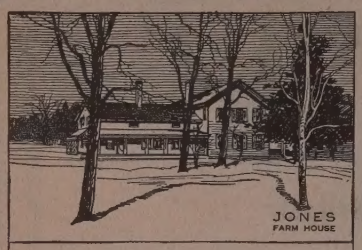

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1916. NUMBER 10

When courage fails and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song.

—F. L. Hosmer.

One of the encouraging features about this war is the ideality claimed, and we believe to a great extent sincerely held, by both parties. Lloyd George says in a recent interview: "This is a war for democracy. If it were not I would not be in it." So the Germans, with equal good faith, will contend that it is a fight for civilization. Why not take both of them at their word, give them the benefit of the doubt, and hasten all activities that may help each power to see the other in the best light, not the worst one.

Once more we beg of the editors of our "Leading Magazines" and high-toned "Weeklies" (we have given up expecting it of the Dailies) to give us an available "Table of Contents." If they cannot afford to give it a prominent place and always in the same location, they could at least indicate in a conspicuous place where the index for that particular issue may be found. In these days when all the woes, as well as sins of life, are carried to Congress, we petition for a national enactment that will make it a state prison offense to publish a magazine without an available index.

John Dewey in the *New Republic* for April 22d, under the caption of "Universal Service as Education," offers the first of what promises to be a series of studies. He says:

> Shall we deliberately proceed to cultivate a sense of the danger of aggression, shall we conjure up enemies, in order to get this stimulus to unity among ourselves? The tendency of the upholders of the plan of enforced universal service to resort to this appeal, unconsciously gives away their case. To stir up fear and dislike of home countries as a means of securing love of an adopted country does not seem a promising procedure.
>
> Until we have developed an independent and integral educational policy, the tendency to assume that military service will be an efficient tool of public education indicates a deplorable self-deception. I sometimes think the worst of the evils connected with militarism, in fact and in idea, is its power to create such illusions. Military service is the remedy of despair—despair of the power of intelligence.

A reviewer in the *New Republic,* speaking of Dr. Stephen Smith's book on "Who Is Insane?" says, "It is hardly possible to write a dull book on insanity." It speaks of the fascination of "the darkness which encircles the rational life" and infers that Mr. Smith's book is justified if it only "awakes a new tolerance, if it but helps ever so little to dispel one of the blackest superstitions that has ever clouded the human mind, it will still be worth writing." Perhaps man's toleration of the wickedness of his fellow-man, perhaps his contempt for those who differ from him, is to be helped along by widening the theory of insanity, finding how many of the would-be disturbers of the peace are best explained on the theory of disease. Some men and women much in the public eye are now, or some day will be, fit patients for the "hospital for nervous disorders."

The Hibbert Journal the sub-title of which is "A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology and Philosophy," is edited in London these days under embarrassing and painful conditions. But Mary Wilkens Hoyt in the April number has a searching study under the title of "The Tyranny of Benefactors." She discovers a very real type of a large class in the man who "spends his life trying to compel us to think and to do what he knows will make us better and happier." She speaks of "the tyranny of love, the most subtle of all tyrannies," but we question whether her next statement is true that "this tyranny seems to have been born into the world with Christianity," but surely she is right when she exclaims, "How beautiful the world to come may be if, for once, we should try the experiment of not hating all ways that are not our ways!" There may be some significance in the fact that this article, although published in London, was written in Baltimore, U. S. A.

The coming of the birds and the buds that invite them is a good time to renew a sense of kinship with the animal world, and *Our Dumb Animals* for May, which lies before us, demands our semi-occasional commentary notice. When our faith in man is menaced, and our conviction of the supremacy of the law of love is challenged, we turn to this beautiful champion of the neglected dog and over-worked horse and are reconsecrated. *Our Dumb Animals* is published in Boston. Our whilom neighbor and now

widely known Rev. F. H. Rowley, president of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," is editor in chief. It is a monthly and can be obtained for one dollar per annum, or in clubs of five or over, fifty cents. A special price to teachers is made of forty cents per annum. It is a magazine beautifully printed, full of material to please the grandchild and grandmother. It is equally interesting and valuable to the drayman and the philosopher. In this May number we learn that May 15th to 20th is set apart for those interested as "Kindness to Animals Week." They offer the following program:

Monday—Editorials in all local newspapers.
Tuesday—Addresses in all public schools.
Wednesday—Noon meetings for factory employes.
Thursday—Special addresses to Boy Scouts, Teamsters' Unions, etc.
Friday—Children's Pets Exhibitions.
Saturday—National Horse Day—Work-horse parades.
Sunday—Sermons on "Kindness" in all churches, and special exercises in Sunday schools.

"The Contribution of Critical Scholarship to Ministerial Efficiency" is the title of the leading article in the current number of *The American Journal of Theology,* by Professor Foster of the University of Chicago. It is a title that will grate somewhat harshly on the ears of even would-be progressive minitsers, for there is a tendency in these days among ministers to turn their attention from theology to sociology and the "live" minister responds to what seems to be the demand of the "live" parishioner who says, "Never mind the theories, let us practice religion, for religion is a thing of deeds and not of words." And still this is but seeming good sense. Professor Foster's article is timely, for the heart, unguided by the head, is in danger of wasting much strength and time in wandering. Well does the writer say, "The piety that resists research is foredoomed to atrophy." The conclusion of the article probes to the center the value of a theological training, "the distinction between the living real God, and a concept God is vital to peace of mind and to the power of the gospel today. . . . The candidate for the ministry—young though he may be—enters the ministerial school as a finished product, but in consequence of his studies while there he departs unfinished,growing, aware that his personality, with its religion and its theology, are alike in the making." Surely the Professor is right when he says, "A school that achieves such a result has fulfilled its function in the life of the human spirit."

The leading articles in the March number of *The National Geographic Magazine* have more than timely value. Ex-President Taft's address before the National Geographic Society in February on "Canada and the Other Daughters of Great Britain," is illustrated in the wonderful way that is characteristic of this magazine. The camera carries us from Alberta to New South Wales and the long, long way is charming. Mr. Taft's special study shows how these "husky daughters" have proved as "bread cast upon the waters" for Great Britain in its present emergency. But the triumphs of Canada and Australia are the triumphs of Peace. They show what a people may accomplish undistracted by militant ideas and military expenses. Their contribution to this war proves that the unfretted life of the pioneer settlement is also the best preparation for the soldier. Will Irwin has called attention to the fact that these *"unprepared"* Canadians from the wheat fields of the Northwest have proven their high efficiency and achieved unparalleled heroism. "The World's Strangest Capital," Lhasa, the Mecca of the Buddhists' faith, which people have called "the ideal city of the world," is the title of the second article referred to. This foreign reporter from the West and from Christendom says, "It well deserves its name, as anything more beautiful can hardly be imagined than the vision of the sacred city set against its magnificent background of snow-capped mountains." Well does the writer, Mr. White, say this is "a fitting shrine for the heart of any religion, and with such surroundings it is difficult to understand how the present form of Buddhism (Lamaism), as practiced in Tibet, could ever have sunk to the depths of degradation it has reached. It is devoutly to be hoped that some reformer may arise to cleanse it of its many superstitions and to reinstate the simple tenets of its founder." Buddha is not the only religious teacher who has suffered at the hands of his followers and the sublime simplicity of whose faith has been encrusted with humiliating forms and superstitions in the interest of Power and Popularity. St. Peter's was builded out of Tetsel funds and the most modern temples in Christendom, as elsewhere, have too often turned down the religious lights in the name of piety and for art's sake.

A World Alliance of Churches for the Promotion of International Friendship

Garden City, L. I., with its open spaces and its commodious hotel and ample hall privileges, was an ideal place for a hundred and fifty ministers, representing a wide range of denominational loyalties, to spend three delightful days in consultation over the great problems of friendship, interpreted in terms of internationalism. Drs. Lynch and Gulick are experts in program making and conference directing. The thing moved off promptly and efficiently. The five

sessions were full but not crowded. The speakers were marked men and the messages were charged with power. The object was not so much information as inspiration. There was little that was new presented, but the affirmations of peace and brotherhood were asserted with a confidence and aggressiveness that amounted to a message.

This meeting was arranged for and expenses met by the Church Peace Union and there was an attempt to preserve the inclusiveness of that board. But as might be expected the Catholic and Jewish members of that board were not in attendance. Perhaps wisely so, for the vocabulary used could not fail of falling upon unaccustomed ears and perhaps minds unreconciled to their use.

Also, as a matter of course, the unorthodox attendants, though cordially invited, and though their words were listened to with unfeigned cordiality, had to listen between the lines and to go beyond the phraseology to find their hospitality and inspiration in the meeting. Charles F. Dole, Charles W. Wendte of the Unitarian fold from Boston, Dr. Frank O. Hall of the Universalist fellowship, New York, and the Editor of UNITY, on occasions more ecclesiastic might have been found wanting in the wedding garment, but in the interest of peace and brotherhood, expressed in terms of internationalism, they were at home, and were enabled to enter fully into the deliberations with free conscience and an open mind.

The high keynote of the meeting was perhaps sounded by the Rev. W. P. Merrill, whose fifteen years of ministry in Chicago has left behind it blessed memories, and who is now doing an increasing work in New York City. He spoke of "The World Task of the Churches." There was no mistake made when the group elected him as permanent president of the council.

Our space forbids further report of this most inspiring meeting in this week's issue of UNITY, but we hope to have much to report of this work and these workers in the future. Here at last was a band of men who had gathered from ocean to ocean, from Presbyterianism to Unitarianism, and beyond, from Episcopalianism to Quakerdom and all the intervening creed-countries, who were unanimous in their protest against war, war *per se*, war as a survival of the brute, as the cowardly substitute for the more heroic settlement of difficulties by patience, by reason, through love. Unless the faith of the devout, the claim of the philosopher and the boast of minister, priest and rabbi are vain, the interests of religion are fundamental. It deals with the profound and permanent elements of life. This organization is to be heard from and is to be a factor in the termination of this war, and the organization of that substitute for war already clearly in sight, the organization of an international parliament to revise and enlarge the international code, with an international court to interpret and apply such code, and when necessary an international police force to enforce such findings.

The "Billy" Sunday of American Politics

Thanks to the initiative of the Illinois Bar Association, Chicago has just had a visit from the impetuous, strenuous, dogmatic, impulsive and intolerant Theodore Roosevelt. There is something very peppery in this apostle of strenuosity. His methods and spirit as displayed on the political stump are very like those of his theological counterpart, "Billy" Sunday, in the pulpit. There is something very alcoholic not to say vitriolic in the methods of both.

The ex-President arrived on last Saturday morning, as he himself confessed, somewhat uncertain as to results. He left Sunday night like a modern Cæsar, exclaiming:

Veni, vidi, Vici!!

He was "thrilled," "inspired," "reassured!" He found the West all right. So complete was his Saturday night triumph in the presence of what the newspapers called "the largest dinner party ever addressed in Chicago," consisting of thirteen hundred "ideal Americans," presumably chiefly representatives of the bench and bar of Illinois. Like "Billy," he is an adept in slang. "He didn't give a darn," "he struck from the shoulder out!" According to the papers, he was so pleased with the masterful and generous reports of his triumph and his utterances, that he changed his mind and did not on Sunday morning give forth any statement of his political position or prospects for fear "he would spoil the effect."

Not all of UNITY readers have access to the Chicago Sunday morning dailies, and many of those who have do not likely go much farther than the headlines, and so we venture to extract some phrases that may indicate the quality of his triumph as reported to his pleasure in the above mentioned dailies.

"He ripped into Congress as preposterous! . . . . The Washington administration is incredible and absurd!" . . . He talked to "sons of America" about "asinine failure." . . . He threatened that "we would precipitate war if we did not hasten our preparations." He cried, "Wake up! wake up! To arms! . . . He all but wept at times—in anger, not in sympathy, over the "immoral complacence of the nation." He talked of those who would "put a pig-tail on Uncle Sam." . . . He "pounded his hands against hyphens." He lambasted sectionalism, and wanted nothing but

"American nationalism in America." . . . And the crowd is reported as yelling itself half mad when he talked of the "rotten foe of national honor." He pleaded guilty to "wielding the big stick" and declared that if he had been President there would have been "something doing." The paper said "a howl of joy" greeted his first mention of preparedness. "It was found necessary to parade him about the various rooms before the tables were cleared."

And this is said to be a representative gathering of Chicagoans. Are the lawyers of Illinois proud of this demonstration? Did the judges who were said to have "risen to their feet, crying, 'That's the stuff! That's the stuff!'" take their judicial chairs in their respective courts on Monday morning following with their minds clarified, and their power of discrimination and judging of evidence increased by this evangelism?

The orator was ready with his contempt for "professional pacifists," "sentimental peace-at-any-price people, well meaning but foolish." He considered international duty to consist in a combination of "Rectitude and 'Punch'!" Here is a new Rooseveltian epigram. Here is an American plus to the gospel, an added "X-quantity" to the Declaration of Independence. Here is a term which our legal friends will not find in Blackstone or in the writings of the great jurists of Europe and America.

Mr. Roosevelt had much to say about "genuine Americans" and much to say over again about the "hyphen" which aroused his usual indignation. But he had no word of caution concerning the mischievous combines of munition makers that assume international proportions, and no word of warning against the mischievous interlocking of personalities of the Army and Navy League and the great armament-making industries. The conspicuous present president of the former being also president of the greatest combination that is to profit by battleship building. This, to say the least, suspicious over-lapping, running through many organizations.

"The tremendous effect!" produced by this kind of evangelistic work by the great Billy Sunday of American politics is not surprising to a student of revivalists and revivals, to one acquainted with the "psychology of the mob"—to borrow a phrase from President George Vincent. The after result of this perfervid oratory and emotional evangelism is also well understood by the student of human nature. With the most friendly and sympathetic interpretation it is admitted on all hands that there follows a time of disillusion, that the sequel does not maintain the impassioned expectations. There comes the time for the sober second thought, the reaction of reason, the still small voice of common sense?

Is the Illinois Bar Association as proud of its Saturday night achievement as it thought it was on Saturday evening? Is the Illinois bench committed to the underlying philosophy of force involved in the Rooseveltian call to arms? Do they now really believe that the "power of the Monroe Doctrine is measured by the strength of our navy?" Have Thomas Jefferson, Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln left no potency behind them greater than gunpowder? Do the bequests of Ralph Waldo Emerson, George William Curtis and James Russell Lowell mean nothing to Europe and America, nothing to the world, other than that which is bounded by American bayonets? Are our universities to be retired on to the reserve line and the soldiers' encampments to form our first defense?

"He knows no language who knows but one" is the dictum of our schools. By the same token may it be said in this day of internationalism, "He loves no country who loves but one!" and that patriotism is a blight ever in danger of ripening into treason, that limits its loyalties and rims its enthusiasms by geographic boundaries. The "pure Americans" that the Saturday night orator plead for when analyzed in the crucible of the thinker and the true patriot prove most un-American.

"The Colonel flails Hyphenates as Moral Traitors to the United States."

This is the display line of one of the morning papers. His own words as reported are: *"There is no room in this country for German-Americans, English-Americans, Irish-Americans, or French-Americans."* So much the worse for this country! "Alas for the nation that forgets its annals." To purge America of these classes is to rob it of millions of its truest and noblest citizens, to declare against them is to befoul the glorious traditions of the great nation builders, those who made the great West he lauded. It is claimed that one-half of the inhabitants of the city that so exalted him are these very hyphenated German-Americans or their descendants, and the other "hyphenates" reach out into the lands of Dante. Shakespeare, Bobby Burns, O'Connor, Ibsen and Bjornsen and grandly justify their bequest which came into full blossom in America.

"He who possesses two languages possesses two souls" is another saying of the schools, and the soul whose conscious roots strike no deeper than the petty stretch of United States history, is a fleeting annual not to be trusted in the face of winter blasts and storms against which the perennials are proof; he is a peony and not a rose, a cabbage and not an apple tree. Measured by the breadth of the cosmopolitan,

that makes one a loyal citizen of the world, our orator, as his name implies, is a degenerate immigrant.

Is there not something exceedingly sad in this meeting of the Illinois bar which sounded no note of internationalism. Deaf it seemed to be to the cause of universal brotherhood, unmoved by the great slogan which Professor Goldwin Smith caused to be deeply engraven in the back of the granite bench he left on the Cornell campus, which says:

"ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY!"

We are not unmoved by this man's enthusiasm. We are not proof against the contagion of this kind of emotion, but we have seen through it, outlived it. The American people are not going to be stampeded by one or many such speeches. The present writer has lived through the know-nothingism that tried to purge the United States of foreign blood in the 50's, and he lived to see the nation that would fain spew the foreigners out of its mouth, saved by the blood of the hyphenated.

We are not disturbed much by the prospect of more costly battleships to be consigned, as soon as made, to the naval junk-heap. The United States can stand if it must, and if enough American youths are found willing to serve, a standing army a quarter of a million strong. What we most deplore is the abandonment of our opportunity for leadership on higher lines, the indignity offered to our democratic ideals, the refusal to lead in the better way, to help carry on the work so bravely begun by the Hague Conferences, to strengthen the international courts that have already rendered signal service, to rebuke the coarse infidelity that would break down the confidences represented by the pacts and treaties of civilization that are increasingly the safeguards of the nations, by the unhistoric sneer about "scraps of paper." Notwithstanding the lamentable exceptions that prove the rule, the business of the world is done on "scraps of paper." Home and state rest upon such pledges.

Theodore Roosevelt came to Illinois to arouse the pride of its citizens in its State University, because, perforce, "it has the biggest arsenal in the nation." We believe it is claimed to be the biggest in the world. Other universities may boast of great telescopes, noble laboratories and splendid libraries. What of that! ILLINOIS HAS THE BIGGEST SCHOOL ARSENAL! Wisconsin has its Babcock and the great dairy triumphs connected with his great name. Iowa is famous for its corn raising and pig breeding lore. Kansas was for many years the banner state in its domestic science department. Indiana disputes with Massachusetts the claim of being the literary center of America, the depot of creative brains. Minnesota is nursing its young poets and authors. But what of that? ILLINOIS HAS THE BEST EQUIPPED BATTERY OF ANY UNIVERSITY IN THE LAND! A fully equipped field battery according to the standards of '61 and '65 requires at least a complement of one hundred horses in order to effectively mobilize it. Suitable horses for this business in Illinois are worth $200 a head. This represents an investment of $20,000; then the feeding. And this investment is not in order to improve the breed, but to mobilize a battery, to be ready for war, to rush to the rescue of New York or San Francisco when these exposed places are captured in a night. The University of Illinois has a gentleman and a scholar as president, a good Methodist, we presume, once president of the great Methodist University at Evanston. But does he not look a little small in the line of university presidents when praised by ex-President Roosevelt as "the man who has done so much to develop preparedness on the campus." The favored boys of America choose their university on the strength of some leading characteristic,—the reputation for rowing, football, glee club, or, perchance, laboratory or linguistic privileges. How many young men are being drawn to Illinois on account of its military advantages? Perhaps the remark of an undergraduate to the writer a few months ago will throw light on the subject. "Don't worry! The University of Illinois is a great peace making institution. It so disgusts the boys with the military that they will be right-minded on the subject ever after they leave here."

The Colonel's Sunday dinner was interrupted by the arrival of a company of "Boy Scouts" from the model village of Winnetka, commanded by a *"Reverend!"* They stood at "attention" and "saluted" as the Colonel "dashed hatless from the dinner-table, exclaiming, "Bully boys!" Is this the best ideal to offer the boys of that famous center of civic progress? Is this the highest Sunday leadership vouchsafed to one vowed to teach the gospel of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who in dire extremity said, "Peter, put up thy sword!" And who went to his Calvary because of his unpreparedness?

Do the lawyers and jurists of Illinois have one standard of salvation for the individual and another for nations?

Must it ever be, nay, is it now, that rectitude is for the individual and "Rectitude plus 'Punch'" for the nation?

Are the lawyers and jurists of Illinois, students of Hugo Grotius, Elihu Burrit, Victor Hugo, Channing, Charles Sumner, as proud of their last Saturday night's triumph as they seem to have been at the close of the *"Great Occasion?"*

SHORT-CUTS AND LONG

Seeker for peace, this on thy heart I lay:—
Trust thou no short-cut; fare by God's long way.

—Frederick Langbridge.

THE PULPIT

Some Christian Pathfinders to International Peace

III.

Michael Angelo—The Road of Beauty Art

Sermon Preached April 2, 1916, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

We thank Thee, Father, for the many paths that lead to Thee. We would give special thanks for the illumined pathfinders who, with prophetic vision, have led the way to the citadels of love and peace, aye, for those who have illumined the dark places of life, those whose words cheer us in hours of fatigue and discouragement, whose deeds encourage us in moments of doubt and distrust. May we show our gratitude to Thee, Father, as we travel along the highways that lead to peace and brotherhood, by becoming, each in his own way, pathfinders, pathmakers to Thee. Amen.

For the third time I return to my contention that some kind of internationalism, a fraternity of nations, confessed and conscious, a communion of faith and interest among all peoples, is the demand of philosophy, the quest of science, the promise of religion and, historically speaking, the trend of the centuries. Let me repeat, for this is the claim of my five Lenten sermons, which I would not obscure by any details that follow.

St. Benedict blazed the way into internationalism through the fields of human toil, sealing a brotherhood by the sweat of the brow, and St. Francis led the way to internationalism through the blessed though blood-stained road of sacrifice and service.

Today I take Michael Angelo, the great prophet of beauty, as a clear pathfinder to internationalism, the internationalism that already exists and is witnessed to in his own life, in the passion of his work, which is widely appreciated by peoples of many tongues and lands. His divine interpretation of the ideals of the heart appeals to all peoples, as revealed in their struggles, if not in their achievements, in their prayers, if not in their accomplishments. However their lives may be steeped in sordidness and selfishness, and however great may be their sacrifices to things small and deplorable, beauty is still the voice of their prophets.

Michael Angelo represents a personality so triumphant that even during his life the great cities of the world contended for him. Paris, Constantinople, Florence and Rome sought to lure him, now with love and now with lucre. These failing, they sought to capture him by diplomacy, even by force, and when he was dead Rome and Florence quarreled for his bones. His ashes were saved for his beloved city of Florence only by strategy. His nephew had to ship the body as freight in a packing case lest Rome should lay violent hands upon it and steal the bones of the artist to enrich the sacred traditions and sanctities of the Eternal City.

Michael Angelo was the Dante of the brush and chisel. He was the Shakespeare of color and form, the Sokrates of Art, the missionary Paul of the Gospel of Beauty. He was international, because he satisfied the longings of the nations and claimed the gratitude of many races. Arrogant or impudent is the city or nation that would undertake to lay claim to exclusive possession of Michael Angelo, who has long been the confessed citizen of the world, an apostle of internationalism on earth, as well as the promise of universalism in heaven. To know Michael Angelo is to place him among the high peaks of the mountain ranges of humanity that beautify the horizon lines of all nations. He is up there where Isaiah, and Paul, and Sokrates, and Plato, where Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare are. He is internationalism. And he who, under any guize of patriotism, should undertake to elevate a narrow nationalism to a supremacy that would shut out the Angelo group, shuts out the glory of Heaven, excludes the divine revelations of the Eternal, as witnessed to by the glorified centuries. Michael Angelo belongs to a brotherhood that transcends the creeds. He speaks a universal language.

The great dome of St. Peter's, the highest and fairest on earth until we sprung the arch of the Administration Dome in Jackson Park in 1893, glorifies but a limited range of physical scenery, conspicuous as it is. It fades out of sight a few miles beyond the limits of the Holy City, but that dome of St. Peter's illumines all architecture and the decorations within crown the achievements of brush and chisel throughout the world. To Michael Angelo, it has been said, were given three souls at birth—the soul of the painter, the soul of the sculptor, and the soul of the architect. He became pre-eminent and supreme in each of these characters, and in the ripened youthfulness of sixty-five, through the illumination of a noble woman's face, made more noble by a noble life, he was given a fourth soul, that of a poet. And here again he reached the realm of the superlative.

All this, then, demands a universalism, if only to make us fellow citizens with Angelo and his kind. Such souls rebuke our petty conceits and national prejudices because by these we are shut out of the world they inhabit and glorify.

But Michael Angelo lifts us into internationalism not only by the magnificence of his power, but by the universality of his triumphs. "The curve of beauty" is the joy of all nations. The pointed arch, when it appeared on the earth, hastened to domesticate itself in all lands. The Taj Mahal, shaped by Moslem hands in the heart of India, a tribute of the passionate love of an Oriental, promptly becomes a shrine for the nations, which visitors cross continents to see, and seeing, admire, and admiring, worship. Thus countless shrines have been touched into sacredness by art and, by virtue of their beauty, have become altars of universal religion. Wherever we come upon temples of religion that are touched with beauty, whether at Thebes, Memphis, or Ephesus, on Mars Hill or at Rome, York or Glastonbury, we come upon that which rebukes the conceits of pride, shames the pretense of bigots, and compels narrow souls to bend the knee to the All-Father in conscious communion with the All-Brotherhood. This is true of all beauty, of which Michael Angelo is High Priest by virtue of divine endowment. Beethoven, Mendelssohn and all the great composers lend themselves promptly to the ritual makers, and they who would write the lines for these world-inclusive and race-compelling masters of tone must refuse to be

labeled or to wear any national liveries. By the claim of beauty when all other claims fail, the ritual of humanity, the liturgy of all religions, reach into universal brotherhood. I shall have occasion to enforce this truth more directly next Sunday, when we shall follow the leading of the humble Thomas à Kempis on the road of worship into cosmopolitanism, internationalism.

Germans and English may cut each others' throats, staining the sacred soil of Europe with one another's blood, but even in this dire extremity Shakespeare and Goethe, Milton and Lessing clasp hands across the bloody chasm. They will not break the bonds of beauty that link them in international fellowship. They will not allow the belligerent powers to be divorced by the coarse power of the brute, they hold them to comradeship by the divine ties of beauty.

Michael Angelo is cosmopolitan because he served beauty. In the presence of his revelations no devotion to flag or fatherland, to home or mother country can atone for the irreverent language of hate, the phrases of depravity and destruction which the citizens of one country too often apply to those of another. For in yielding ourselves to the ministrations of beauty, we "yield ourselves to the perfect whole."

To be more particular. The art that Angelo so superbly expressed, whether with chisel or brush or pencil, appeals to the simplest and satisfies the most sophisticated. Wherever we come upon a real achievement of art, we come upon that which internationalizes us. How many, like myself, homesick, solitary travelers, hurrying through Europe for rest and inspiration, found weariness, loneliness and remoteness dissipated by coming unexpectedly upon Thorwaldsen's great Lion carved on the face of the Lucerne rock. Instantly distances vanished and the sense of remoteness in a foreign land disappeared.

Sit at the feet of the great statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens, in Lincoln Park, any hour of any day, and deserted indeed you are if during that hour you are not called upon to bear witness to the internationalism of art, nay, of the internationalism of greatness, enforced and interpreted by art. For it takes a St. Gaudens to interpret a Lincoln to the eye, and it may be that we must wait generations yet before an adequate Angelo, or perchance a Milton, will adequately interpret Lincoln in the metered words of high poetry.

This gift of beauty not only interprets our great ones for us, but it compels us to see radiant beauty in humble achievements, for it requires the art to introduce us into the life of the lowliest—the "Man with the Hoe," the "Potato Digger," the peasant with the seed bag on his shoulder. Hagenbroeck, the Dutch artist, paints a glass-blowing girl and uses the radiance of the heartless furnace to illumine her face with the light of divine love. Rosa Bonheur takes the ordinary ass and paints him in a way that makes for him a place among the masterpieces, for she teaches us to see this lowly animal's claim to the perennial beauty and mystery of life.

When we go to Florence and stand in the presence of Ghiberti's bronze gates of the Campanile, we may be able, tutored by Angelo, to see in those gates that which makes them worthy, as he said, to be the "gates of Paradise."

Whatever is touched with beauty is touched with a degree of earthly immortality. The Madonna of Christian art is only a reflection of the elder Madonna called Isis in the devotions of Egypt, and the Parthenon is but the Temple of the Greek Virgin on Mars Hill.

Art, wherever we come upon it at its highest, lands us in the presence of deity, it is the expression of the Eternal.

Ruskin tells us the most that art can do with the human form is to reach after the perfection of Nature, which it cannot improve upon, and that he is the greatest artist who most honestly reflects the lowliest lives. He makes the illuminating suggestion that the Greeks achieved mastership in reproducing the human form divine,—the body with its arms and legs,—but that Christian art has in one respect shown its superiority over the best that Greece achieved, namely, in portraying the human face. The masters of Greek art retire in the presence of the achievements of the masters of Christian art when the face is to be interpreted.

There is a suggestive story of a Roman tyrant who, finding himself lifted into power, presumed to retire from the front grounds of the palace to his private gallery a statue which the people had lived with year after year. But Rome, trained to a love of beauty, rose in rebellion, and there was a strike of the common people, not for higher wages, nor for better sanitary conditions, but that they might not be robbed of the companionship, the inspiration, of that beloved work of art.

The same truth was probably verified in another way when burdened Florence began to realize that in the youthful achievement of Michael Angelo—his "David" she possessed a matchless treasure, which must be protected from the "gnawing tooth of time," and when the rulers proposed to withdraw it and make it the central masterpiece of the new Gallery of Florence, the people demanded, through the Common Council, that if the original were to be withdrawn from public accessibility and public inspiration it must be replaced with a satisfactory replica. And so you may see today, a copy on the hill, where the world can go unbidden and unchallenged, and you are there informed that the more precious original is carefully enthroned as the masterpiece of the "new gallery." So jealous is the world of its masterpieces of beauty.

So fearful is bigotry of the potency of beauty that one of the tyrant conquerors of Florence caused the Martinello, the great battle bell, to be broken lest that which had grown to be so beloved by the Florentines, and had cheered them in so many dark hours, might again inspire in them courage and a thirst for freedom.

This, then, is my contention. Michael Angelo proves his internationalism through the power of personality, the force of his masterful life, so masterful that William Hunt, his most eminent disciple in the United States perhaps, said no man had been produced by the intervening centuries large enough to understand and interpret Michael Angelo. And Grimm, who has given us the great life of Michael Angelo, confessed that in order to prepare himself to write it he was obliged to study the age that produced him. He who studies Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo will thereby acquire a liberal education, for it introduces him to the splendid age of the Renaissance. By such

triumphant achievements of human nature, such revelations of divine power in the human soul, are we liberated from the petty enthusiasms and narrow loyalties of sect and race and nationality. In them earth's noblest patriotism passes into internationalism, and the inspirations of hate disappear in the presence of the conquering inclusiveness of universal love.

Did I dare venture on a field which I must not invade in the limitations of this hour, I could also bring out of Angelo's achievements an encouragement to answer our deepest needs, in our darkest trials, our moments of discouragement. In proportion as he reached above the common levels in his achievements, he of necessity sank deeper in his suffering. He knew a loneliness we may never experience and drank the bitter waters of a sorrow and heart homesickness of which lesser souls are incapable. It was this that made him the great interpreter of Dante. He offered to build at his own expense the tomb worthy this great Light of Italy, if Florence would only bring home his ashes. He was denied that privilege, but nothing could curb the inspired pen of the poet Angelo, and in his sonnet he says:

I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
Unknown, unhonored by that thankless brood,
Who only to just men deny their wage.
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,
Against his exile coupled with his good
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage.

This is true appreciation. And in another sonnet he adds:

He to explore the place of pain was bold,
Then soared to God, to teach our souls by song;
The gates heaven oped to bear his feet along,
Against his just desire his country rolled.
Thankless I call her, and to her own pain
The nurse of fell chance; for sign take this,
That ever to the best she deals more scorn:
Among a thousand proofs let one remain;
Though ne'er was fortune more unjust than his,
His equal or his better ne'er was born.

Here is a measure of life that exposes the inadequacy and inefficiency of shallow preferences. How little and mean are the achievements of selfish greed or selfish culture in the light of Angelo's stimulating lines on Dante. They must live deep if they would reach high; with Shelley they must "learn in suffering what they teach in song." The hermit thrush sings best in the thicket and in the rain. The human soul, like other rare singers, chants its sweetest notes in a darkened cage.

Michael Angelo's song has revealed the price of genius. His brow is furrowed like a new plowed garden, as well it might be, for it bloomed into fruitfulness and fertility. I am speaking not of the arts but of art, out of which all arts spring. In Michael Angelo we have an outward and historical demonstration of the fraternity of the arts, whether he fiercely chipped his marble away into the night or companioned his faithful servant Urbino, who mixed his paints, or lay on his back, as he must have done literally for nearly three working years while he performed the tremendous achievement in the Sistine Chapel. When he had finished those paintings he was deformed in body and distorted in vision for weeks or perchance months. So, whether his work was painting, sculpture, architecture or poetry, it was born out of a central gift which is art and not arts. It is a power to interpret the beauty which is in the world before man arrives and stays in the world after he is gone.

Ruskin's contention that art can only reach after the perfection of nature is of itself an argument for Theism. If the undevout astronomer is mad, understanding the swing of the planets without realizing the order and destiny that direct the universe, an undevout artist is still more mad, for he, more than anyone else, wonders with Emerson "why nature loves the number five." He, more than anyone else, must ponder over the unsolved mystery that makes daisies, snowflakes and crystals all spring into star-like shape.

The artist leads us to the horizon of the beauty that is back of all art and the inspiration of all artists. The study of the telescope and the computations of the laboratory would be confusion and mockery if the astronomer could not confidently count on the reliability of the law that holds the stars in their courses. He figures out the tables of the nautical almanac which computes to the second the appearance of any one of the stars within the scope of his knowledge at any given time for the next decade, and, prompt to the appointment made when "first the morning stars sang together for joy," the measured planet meets him on the tick of his watch, indeed the watch-tick is reliable because it was set by the sun. Inevitably does art as well as science lead us to the altars of religion which, in their ultimate reach, are always universal. They lift us into the enthusiasm which, at its best, is for all humanity. Art introduces us into the fraternity of the noble, which is never comprised within geographical boundaries. Art recites for us the Declaration of Independence that antedated Thomas Jefferson and laughs at kings and mocks thrones.

Michael Angelo, this gifted son of genius, has ministered to the lowly and has rebuked those in high places.

He came in a time that permitted him to wait upon the ministrations of Savonarola. He anticipated Luther and outreached him, for, while he had all of Luther's defiance to form and convention and more, he possessed what Luther did not, infinite patience and a power to see beyond the sins and crimes of Rome. He saw that which made and still makes Rome the "Eternal City." He anticipated Luther when he said, "One sees too much in Rome." Alas, you see too much in Rome yet, and too much in cities nearer than Rome. You see enough to disturb your faith in forms and creeds; you see enough to be doubtful of the ministrations of the would-be representatives of religion. You see too much to be complacent over schisms or sects, but, with the telescopic vision of Angelo, you will see between the lines of dogmatism and beyond the formalities of the altar, the working of the spirit that in all times has groped towards a beauty unrealized and a fraternity not yet reached.

Of all the grim counts against war, that is one of the most grievous which tells of its vandalism in the sacred halls of beauty. It destroys with brute force the highest achievements of man. Peace and not war is the conservor of beauty. It is the unappreciated task of peace to preserve the wrecks and remnants

of war's desolation. A mangled torso, with hands and feet and head gone, is still a prized treasure of art and is often conserved by religion. Protestantism demolished the gracious arches, the beautiful tracery of Glastonbury Abbey and used the debris to pave the highways in the neighborhood, leaving in place only the battered remnants. And still, even in its fallen estate, it is among the best things England has to show you. If you are short of time and short of money and have to "do" England in the usual haste of the American tourist, you can do no better than arrange your itinerary in such a manner as to strike the monastic and cathedral ruins of England, for they teach us what our rich prairies cannot reach. They have something to give that our mountains, lakes and broad acres have not. They can show us art in its highest reach inspired by Angelo and his kind.

The sense of universal brotherhood and not blind devotion to the flag of one people and one country, brings to us the power, peace, hope and trust that make life most worth while.

Robert Browning, in "Old Pictures in Florence," after trying to do justice to the "Masters before the Masters," shaming us into appreciation by saying, "If you knew their deeds you would deal your dole," points to a time when tyranny will be removed from Italy, when invaders will be retired, and, in the spirit of the old courage that gave liberty to Florence, he adds:

> We shall ponder, once Freedom restored to Florence,
> How art may return that departed with her.
> Go, hated house, go each trace of the Lorraine's,
> And bring us the days of Orgagna hither!

Alluding to the unfinished but still prophetic Tower of Giotto, the companion of the Duomo, he predicts:

> "And, fine as the beak of a young beccaccia,
> The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,
> Shall soar up in gold full fifty braccia,
> Completing Florence, as Florence, Italy.
> . . .
> Shall I be alive that morning the scaffold
> Is broken away, and the long-pent fire,
> Like the golden hope of the world, unbaffled
> Springs from its sleep, and up goes the spire,
> While, "God and the People" plain for its motto,
> Thence the new tricolor flaps at the sky?
> At least to foresee that glory of Giotto
> And Florence together, the first am I!

Browning prophesied that the ultimate triumph of art in Florence, the completion of Giotto's Tower, would come with the triumph of the people. The art of the Renaissance sprang out of the heart of the common people, the untitled and non-military. This is ever the soil that grows saints. This was the garden which grew Benedict, Francis and Angelo, and two more pathfinders of whom I am to speak in this course,—A'Kempis, who led on the road to worship, and Thomas More, who blazed the way to the dominion of law and order.

We thank Thee, Father, for the paths newly discovered by every seeking soul. We thank Thee for the light that shows the path and for the light-bearers who lead the way. Amen.

America's Preparedness Against Japan

By K. K. Kawakami, Author of "American-Japanese Relations," and "Asia at the Door"

Since the Wilson Administration announced its stupendous defense program, advocates of preparedness have been harping upon the popular notion of the "Japanese peril." They have been telling us that the Mikado has a navy powerful enough to attack the United States once he makes up his mind to pick quarrel with Uncle Sam. Let us see how true such a statement is.

At present Japan's naval fleet consists of six dreadnoughts, including two now under construction, four battle-cruisers, thirteen battleships of the pre-dreadnought type, four cruisers, fifty destroyers, and seventeen submarines. All told, Japan's warships aggregate 560,484 tons.

As against this strength, America has a fleet totaling 1,271,117 tons, i. e., 710,633 tons more than the Japanese squadron. To enter into details, the American navy, as it stands today, consists of nineteen dreadnoughts (including the two now under construction and known simply as No. 43 and No. 44), twenty-three battleships of the pre-dreadnought type, 10 cruisers, 63 destroyers, 51 submarines, and 22 colliers.

The face of these figures shows that the Japanese navy has about one-half the strength of the American navy. But when we study the nature of the ships on both sides the inferiority of the Japanese fleet becomes all the more obvious. In the first place the American dreadnoughts are much larger than the Japanese. Of the American fleet the 7 largest dreadnoughts have each a displacement of 32,500 tons, while the 4 largest Japanese dreadnoughts are of a displacement of 30,600 tons each. Again, as against 6 American dreadnoughts of 27,500 tons each, Japan has only 4 battle-cruisers of the same size. The remaining 2 dreadnoughts of Japan are of a displacement of 20,800 tons each, whereas the United States has 2 dreadnoughts of 27,343 tons each, 2 of 21,825 tons each, 2 of 20,000 tons each, and 2 of 16,000 tons each.

In the second place, the American dreadnoughts are equipped with larger numbers of more powerful guns than are the Japanese. Of 19 American dreadnoughts, 7 are equipped with twelve 14-inch guns, 4 with ten 14-inch guns, 2 with twelve 12-inch guns, 4 with ten 12-inch guns, and 2 with eight 12-inch guns. On the Japanese side there is not a single dreadnought equipped with so many as twelve 14-inch guns. To be more accurate, of 6 Japanese dreadnoughts, 4 have only ten 14-inch guns, while 2 are equipped with twelve 12-inch guns. The Japanese battle-cruisers, 4 in all, have each only eight 14-inch guns.

In the third place, Japan has 13 battleships of the pre-dreadnought type totalling 193,666 tons, while the United States has 23 with a total displacement of 314,906 tons. Here it is important to note that only 2 of 13 Japanese battleships are fit to stand on the first line of battle as against 6 of America's.

In the fourth place, America has 62 destroyers as against Japan's 50. On the face of the figures the differences do not seem very great, but we must remember that most American destroyers are over 800 tons and therefore seagoing, while the Japanese navy has only 6 destroyers above 800 tons. Most Japanese

destroyers are not seagoing, but are for coast defense. Thus 62 American destroyers have a total tonnage of 73,097, while 50 Japanese destroyers aggregate only 36,118 tons.

In the fifth place, Japan has only 17 submarines as against America's 51. Here, too, most American submarines are of a large type and seagoing, while Japan's are not.

In the sixth place, the American navy has 22 colliers aggregating 236,401 tons, while Japan has none. In a naval expedition to distant waters the collier is as important as the fighting craft. The Japanese navy being primarily intended to protect Chinese and Japanese waters within easy reach from its bases of operation, has made no such elaborate provision for supplying the warships with fuel as has been made by the American navy. In case of emergency, Japan requisitions merchant ships for colliers, which is, of course, very unsatisfactory as compared with the American method.

This, in brief, is the relative naval strength of Japan and the United States at present. It is evident that the American navy in its existing condition is almost three times as powerful as the Japanese navy, provided, of course, that the Panama Canal will ensure the safe passage of the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific.

I have shown that the existing naval strength of Japan is about one-third that of the United States. And yet this is the fleet which has been constantly held up by certain publicists as a menace to the Pacific coast of America. These men have never stopped to think how many colliers and transports Japan will have to have in order to send an expedition across the Pacific to a point 5,700 miles away. They do not know, or pretend not to know, the almost insurmountable difficulty of guarding transports against the enemy's attack on such a long voyage. During the Russo-Japanese war Japan had a fleet of warships protecting the six transports in carrying troops and ammunition across the Straits of Korea, only 80 miles wide. And yet three Russian cruisers managed to escape our vigilance and destroyed most of our transports.

Now the question is whether Japan is building warships faster than the United States. Japan has never been building warships on so extensive a scale as the Powers of Europe and America. As early as October 19, 1903, the United States adopted a naval program in pursuance of which she was to build 34 battleships before 1920. By 1907 the American navy was twice as powerful as the Japanese, and by 1910 it had become almost three times as powerful as the Japanese navy, because in the preceding two years the United States launched six dreadnoughts while Japan launched only three.

In Europe, Germany adopted a naval-repletion program in 1907, Russia in 1911, France in 1912, Italy in 1910, and Austria in 1912. In the meantime Japan had no definite naval program to follow, and was lagging behind the Western Powers in the matter of naval preparation. When at last she followed the example of Europe and America and adopted a plan last September, it was only on a very small scale.

This new Japanese program calls for the construction, in the five years from 1917 to 1921, of 4 dreadnoughts, 6 cruisers, 10 destroyers, and 9 submarines. This requires an expenditure of $95,000,000 in five yearly installments.

Compare this with the great naval program recommended by Secretary Daniels, and you see how modest the Japanese plan is. The American program calls for the building of 10 battleships, 6 battle-cruisers, 10 scout cruisers, 50 destroyers, 15 sea-going submarines, 85 coast defense submarines, 4 gunboats, 1 hospital ship, 2 ammunition ships, 2 fuel oil ships, and 1 repair ship. This entails an expenditure of $422,964,087 in the five years from 1917 to 1921, that is to say, four times the sum required by the Japanese plan.

This enormous expenditure provided for in the American program is only for the ships to be built hereafter. To it we must add $48,518,127 for the completion of the dreadnoughts now under construction, $6,000,000 for naval aviation, and $25,000,000 for reserve ammunition. All in all, the five years' program calls for an expenditure of $502,482,214.

Presuming that both the Japanese and American program were carried out as they have been formulated, the relative strength of the navies of the two countries at the end of 1921 will be as follows:

The Japanese navy—8 dreadnoughts, 4 battle-cruisers, 15 battleships of the pre-dreadnought type, 10 cruisers, 60 destroyers, 27 submarines.

The American navy—27 dreadnoughts, 6 battle-cruisers, 25 battleships of the pre-dreadnought type, 20 cruisers, 112 destroyers, 151 submarines, 24 colliers.

It must be noted that the two American dreadnoughts, Michigan and South Carolina, and the two Japanese dreadnoughts, Kawachi and Settsu, are, in the above tables, included in the figures for battleships of the pre-dreadnought type, because they will, by 1921, have become too superannuated to be called dreadnoughts. A glance at the above tables reveals that the American armada will be about three times as powerful as the Japanese squadron. But the figures are misleading. When we consider that the American ships are equipped with a larger number of more powerful guns than are the Japanese vessels, that most of the American destroyers and submarines are seagoing, that the American navy is better supplied with fuel ships and other auxiliary ships—when we consider all these conditions it would seem that the American navy would have almost four times the strength of the Japanese navy by the end of 1921.

But what would be the comparative strength of the American navy, should Congress reject the administration naval measure, while Japan pursued the program which she has adopted?

In that case America will undoubtedly follow the principle laid down in the program of October 19, 1903, and repeatedly emphasized by Mr. Roosevelt and Ex-Secretary of Navy Meyer. The result would be that by 1921 the American navy would have twice the strength of the Japanese navy, instead of four times as is expected from the adoption of Secretary Daniels' program.

Those who fear or pretend to fear Japan's "navalism" point to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and warn that in the event of rupture between Japan and the United States, Great Britain would throw the whole weight of her great navy on the Japanese side of the scale. These wiseacres are ignorant that Great Britain has entered into a general arbitration treaty with this country and that the Anglo-Japanese alliance contains

the following provision: "Should either High Contracting Party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third power, it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting party an obligation to go to war with the power with whom such treaty of arbitration is in force." Even in the absence of such a clause of exemption the Japanese know that England would not unsheath the sword to aid them in their combat with America.

Negroes Stand for Pure Race

Rev. Francis J. Grimke, pastor of an important and loyal congregation of colored Presbyterians in Washington City, is obviously competent to voice the aspirations of his people. And that position of his gives importance to the clear-cut answer he recently returned to a questioner desiring to know if he "insisted on social equality, by which is meant intermarriage of the races," Mr. Grimke's rejoinder matched the query for directness, plainness and precision. He wrote:

"Have you ever seen any statement of mine in any shape or form intimating in any way that such a thought was ever remotely in my mind? You seem entirely unconscious of the fact that colored people have some self-respect; you seem to be possessed with the idea that they are extremely anxious to be affiliated socially with white people. In this you are entirely mistaken. The colored people have no desire to force themselves socially upon anybody. Social intercourse is a matter to be determined entirely by the individual choice. Each one is left free to choose his own associates. That is in accordance with reason and common sense. All white people are not on terms of social equality, as you well know, and it is a mere subterfuge, a mere dodging of the question touching the treatment of colored people, to lug that matter in here."

The *Continent* quotes this utterance with satisfaction because it confirms what we constantly contend—that the "social equality" alarm raised by jealous defenders of "the integrity of the white race" is a mere bugaboo. The presumption which this cry disseminates is that the main ambition of negroes for the future is to give their descendants white skins. But the obvious source of that presumption is the white man's own naive opinion that having a black skin must be a curse to get rid of at any cost. It seems impossible for the Caucasian mind to grasp the possibility that a sound-minded man whose father and mother were black may himself be proud of an ebon complexion and wish his children to be no paler. Why should a negro be less determined to maintain the purity of his racial stock than a white man is?

As a matter of fact, the only reason why there can be any difference between white and black in the revulsion against mixed blood, is that a few negroes have learned to despise their own color because white men despise it. And the remdy for that aberration—which is the only cause that ever encourages among negroes an inclination toward "intermarriage of the races"—is simply for white men to treat colored people with a respect which calls for self-respect. Especially must the education of negro youth be fostered in every way possible, for the educated negro always exalts his racial connection and works to make his people proud of their blackness.

Many phases of the race problem are not yet brought within range of unmistakable solution. But all of them will be much more easily dealt with, on a basis of fairness and fraternity all round, when this foolish superstition is abandoned which supposes that colored fathers and mothers are seeking social access into white homes in order that their sons may have a chance to win white wives and their daughters may be wooed by white lovers.

The Continent.

Dutch Bird Palace in California

A real friend of the feathered tribe is Mrs. George A. Pope of Burlingame, California, if the bird palace that has been put up on her fine estate may be taken as an indication. This is a fine home for the warblers.

The house was designed and installed by Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Rosse, artists, living near Palo Alto. Mr. Rosse is well known as the designer and superintendent of decorations for the Peace Palace at The Hague. Both he and Mrs. Rosse are Hollanders, so when Mrs. Pope asked for designs following the quaint Dutch style of architecture it was not a very difficult matter for them to prepare plans that were attractive and representative of the architecture of Holland in miniature. Rudolph Swall did the intricate carpenter work that was necessary to carry out the design.

The house is about eight feet long, three feet wide and five feet to the lowest part of the ridge of the roof. Carrying out the Dutch idea the ridge instead of being a straight line is curved, so that the center is the lowest point. From there rises a spire, topped by a staff carrying a bird-shaped vane. The figure is fully twelve feet above the lowest floor of the house. In all five colors have been used in the finish—slate for the roof, white for the body of the house and the trimmings in Delft blue, orange and yellow.

The two stories of the house are subdivided into twenty-five compartments for bird families. Light and air are admitted freely, yet the structure apparently will not be a very cold place even in the severest weather that prevails in the locality. The house is mounted on four posts set in the middle of a small pool of water. This plan serves as an effective protection from cats and at the same time enables the birds to secure all the water they want. Placed in the midst of a grove of magnificent trees, it makes a most admirable ornament and at the same time gives shelter and homes to colonies of birds.

Burlingame is a small city made up of homes of wealthy people. In the immediate neighborhood of the Pope estate are many elegant homes with extensive grounds, while Hillsborough, the town of millionaires without a store, is also near at hand. It is a section peculiarly attractive to birds because it is heavily wooded. Mrs. Pope, in making this provision for safe housing of birds, has shown her love for them and her example will no doubt be followed by other residents of the locality.—*Willis L. Hall, in Our Dumb Animals.*

If we could be as firm with ourselves as we can be with other people, what an improvement it would be.—*Arlo Bates (Diary of a Saint).*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE QUESTION OF TODAY.

World duties are crowding fast upon us of America. The Great War concerns us vitally, and its conclusion cannot leave us as mere spectators. Civilization knows no national lines. The growth of science, the spread of commerce have made the world an economic unit. It was fast becoming and it will become again a moral unit. When this awful catastrophe—at bottom the backfire of privilege against democracy—passes, the world, or what is left of it, will resume thought and action, terribly crippled of course, but on much the same plane as before. The gods are still sitting on their thrones, and skill and knowledge are not dissipated with the waste of human blood. In this juncture every friend of peace and law should be active and alert. A crisis is a "stern winnower," and for the good of our cause those who do mere lip-service are on the other side. It is clear now as many times before in history that "those who are not with us are against us." Those who wish to keep "blood as their argument" counsel the peace worker to do nothing in the presence of the foe he is sworn to fight. We hear today the old advice, to keep still in a crisis, "to withdraw within ourselves" in the storm, reserving our gentle platitudes until the war is over and the world can again listen without emotion.

But if peace societies, peace endowments and peace-workers have any reason for existence, this is the time to make their presence felt. To oppose war is not to wait for the time when the world stands in no danger of it. Now is the turning point in civilization's downward curve. It must move upward from now on, for it can fall no lower.

In this time there are three duties which press more firmly than any others. These are: (1) Keep this nation out of the war and on the basis of law; (2) stop the killing; and (3) adjust the future so that the same calamity cannot happen again.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

(*Sunset Magazine.*)
Stanford, Jan. 1, 1916.

ANTI-WAR.

A correspondent of the *Public* says: "The St. Louis Anti-War Meeting filled the hall to its capacity. Hundreds were standing in the back and from nearly eight to eleven they stayed and eagerly received the message. It was the most enthusiastic and appreciative audience that I remember having been in . . .

"This crowd was no gathering of Doubting Thomases, grudgingly and questioningly hearing "the other side," but a thorough sympathetic opposition meeting, emphatically opposed to 'preparedness,' understanding it, and body and soul in accord with the speakers.

"The speakers were Prof. Berle, Amos Pinchot, Scott Nearing, James Maurer and Rabbi Wise. All honor to these brave men.

"There is one thing worthy of special mention, and that is the way in which the audience expressed their disapproval of the newspapers. Each speaker mentioned some incident where the newspapers had suppressed or distorted the facts, and the audience expressed its hearty approval of the speaker's denunciation. I believe it is a very hopeful sign, when the newspapers are so thoroughly discredited in the minds of thousands of people, that a representative meeting such as this will hoot the newspapers of their city.

"After this meeting I can say to take heart and be of good cheer, for there is yet sufficient sanity among the American people to keep the war-traffickers from rocking the boat. We are a host."

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

As we go to press an English correspondent whose name is not unknown to UNITY readers, writes:

"You may be interested to know that I am one of the small group who opposed in Parliament the Compulsion Bill, and who are trying to get fair play for the conscientious objectors to military service.

May your nation be saved from the curse of militarism that is using the war to fasten itself upon us. If you only succeed in keeping out of this murderous business you ought to be a powerful reconciling and reconstructive influence in the settlement, which we are praying may be of such a nature as to remove some of the causes of war, and to set up institutions and methods of international settlement of disputes that will eliminate war from the politics of nations and substitute reason and justice for force.

We are watching Mr. Taft's movement with interest and hope, and although we saw little chance of success for the Ford mission, we trust that its spirit will spread amongst neutrals and soon reach the belligerents.

With all good wishes for your work."

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AMERICA'S MISSION.

Brotherhood and fellowship are words of mighty potency. They are symbols of man's highest achievement. They stand for ideals that man has won through long centuries of pain and anguish. They carry man beyond the narrow limits of his province into the uttermost realms of the universe. They are the watchwords of democracy. They foretell the day that is to be. They are a perpetual challenge to all the pettiness of our souls. They are words that today should be on the lips of every lover of mankind. They are not idle, meaningless phrases. They were won for the race by the sacrifices of countless martyr souls. Men have died for the ideals they contain. At least we can live for them. Now is not the hour to meet the cries of agony that come from our brothers on meaningless battlefields with the threat of dreadnoughts and submarines. If the democracy of America is true to its great mission it will meet the cry for help from men and women caught in the tentacles of that monster octopus, Militarism, with words of love and sympathy. The so-called Christianity of America will fail, and fail miserably, if it has nothing more to offer to the broken-hearted peoples of the old world than a defiant challenge to arms. Our democracy will prove itself a vain delusion if we are not great enough to affirm that we are going to act in relation to all peoples of the earth as men and not as children. Our hands are not clean. We have, it is true, despoiled weaker peoples. We have abandoned at times the teachings of the fathers for the false glories of imperialism. But now is the hour for the real democracy of America, the democracy of Jefferson and Lincoln, to assert itself. America's mission is peace. America can point the way by daring to challenge the moral sense of mankind. We can affirm by act as well as word that in the future we propose to act fairly and justly toward all peoples of the earth. This affirmation will give us more power in the councils of the nations than all the battleships on the seas.

If our ideals are to win acceptance, they can only do so by their own inherent worth. To resort to force to compel others to accept them is to reduce ourselves to the level of that militarism which we profess to despise. What right have we more than others to compel the world to heed our council. The resort to force would cause our ideals

Liberals, who teach brotherhood; who hold "that fellowship is heaven and the lack of it is hell," have laid upon them now the sacred duty of holding higher than ever before them their ideals. The cry of weary men and suffering women to America is for us to lead the way to peace. Preparation for war is a bitter reply to our brothers across the sea, who today hold out to us imploring hands. The only answer that will bring hope to suffering humanity is that we are preparing the way for peace by the means of the implements of peace. If we do less we will be unworthy of our great heritage. —*Arthur L. Weatherly.*

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